

VOL

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B75

Stuck

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CALLED OUT AGAIN.

IT SEEMS THAT THOSE POPULAR STARS, THE "IRON CHANCELLOR" AND THE "GRAND OLD MAN,"
WILL HAVE TO RESPOND TO ANOTHER ENCORE.



EX LIBRIS.



"**M**Y LADY's heart it is a book
Wherein I fain would read;
And could my eyes but gain a look
Then they were blest, indeed!"

So sang I when our love was new;
Ah! blissful, foolish age!
Before my eyes so keen they grew,
They scanned each dainty page.

Far happier I when lids were shut;
Such reading were unwise;
My eager eyes found nothing but
A million letter I's!

Richard Stillman Powell.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

SHE.—If you really are connected with the Von Blew-bludds, why have n't you a family tree?

HE (confidentially).—Well, — a-hem, — to tell you the truth, our family is only a branch.

DE GOOSBY.—“As ye would have men do unto you, do ye even so to them?”

MISS GIFFLEY (in confusion).—Oh! but what would people say, Mr. De Goosby?

TO-DAY BROWN curls are clustering
Upon her forehead, bless her;
Time flies, twelve hours elapse, and
They're clustering on her dresser.



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HE AGREED WITH HER.

GOOD OLD LADY.—Rum! Yes, the Demon Rum! Just think of the misery it causes!

THIRSTY WALTERS.—You bet it does, lady! You would n't believe de misery I've been sufferin' fer de last t'ree hours fer the want of a drink of it.



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MURDER WILL OUT.

THE GROOM (at the first stopping-place).—It's no use, Clara; we can't hide it from people that we are bride and groom.

THE BRIDE.—What makes you think so, George, dear?

THE GROOM (dejectedly).—Why, here the waiter has brought us rice pudding!

EXPRESSIVE.

“That new deaf-and-dumb compositor made quite a hit with me when he pied that column of solid nonpareil,” remarked Slug 14 to Bossem, the foreman, as the two were recuperating in their favorite beer emporium, after the last edition had gone down.

“What did he say?” inquired Bossem.

“Well, the poor fellow could n't talk, so he did the next best thing, — he gritted his teeth and pointed at the ‘—’ box for fully ten minutes.”

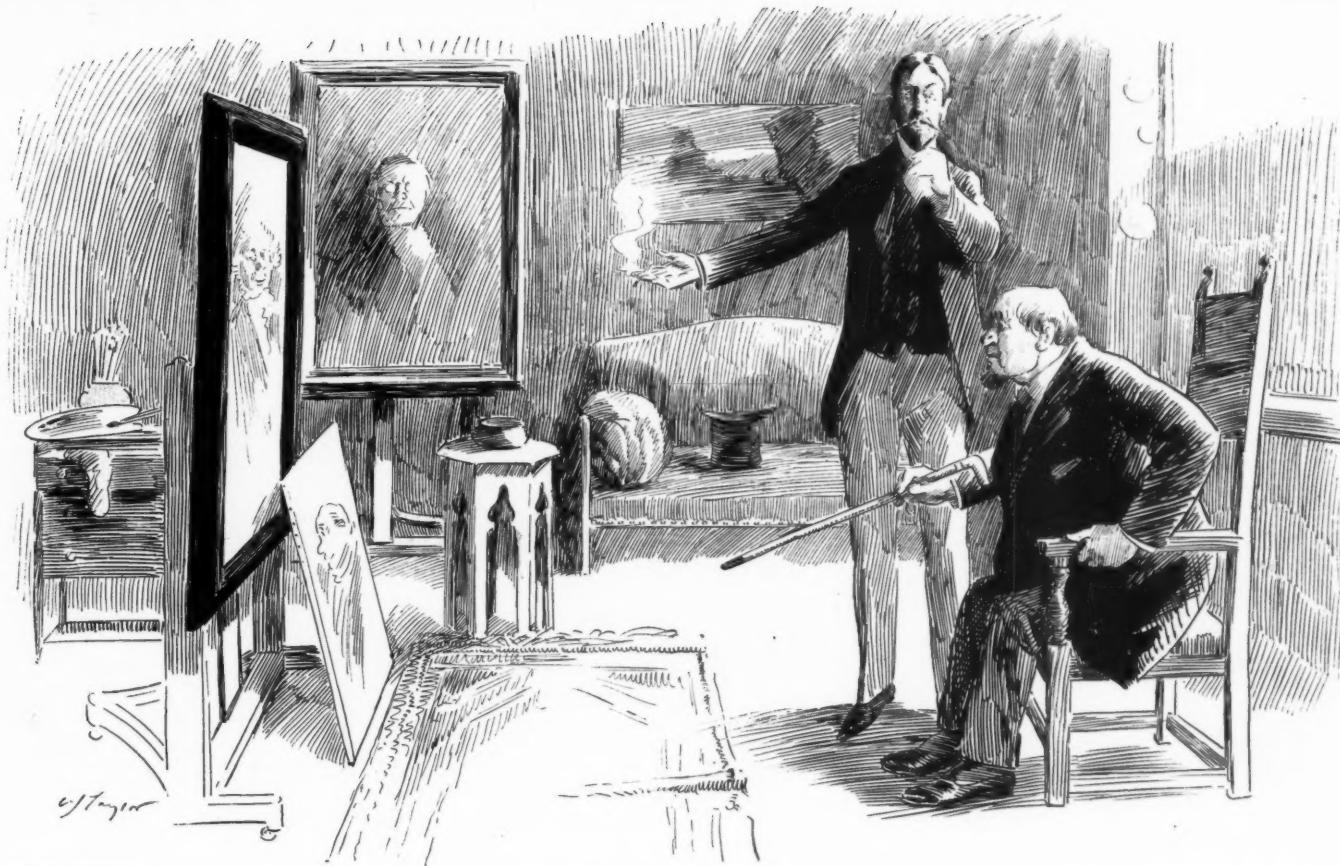


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“CARRYING THINGS TO EXTREMES.”

“ARE YOU bothered,” asked the farmer with top boots, “by people hanging around your place at night?”

“No,” rejoined the type of southern civilization with the buckskin coat; “I don't mind it as long as the condemned ain't permitted to keep me awake with any long speeches.”



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AN AWFUL MISTAKE.

ARTIST.—There you are, sir! I've painted you a full line of your ancestors, and I'll warrant you that no one will know they are not genuine. This is your father, that your grandfather, this your great-grandfather, and—

MR. NEWRICH.—Hold on! Good heavens, man! You've made my great-grandfather a much younger-looking man than I am.

THE LATEST VERSION.



WHEN GEORGIE hacked the cherry tree
He peeled the bark off round
And boiled it up with tar, did he,
To make a cough compound.

His father chortled in his joy,
He did not scold or scoff;
But said, "You are excused, my boy—
You'd such a hacking cough!"

R. L. M.

RURAL INNOCENCE.

SHAKSPERE BLUFF (*unappreciated tragedian, to stage-hand in one-night stand*).—Prithee, lad, tell me the truth! Hast ever had a big house in this jay town?

REUBEN GREEN (*with an air of injured pride*).—Oh, yes! There used to be a three-story brick on the Doolittle Corner, but it burnt down last Winter.

THE BROKER'S LAMENT.

"Did you ever see a bull in a china shop?"
"No; but I've always thought one was in there when my wife goes shopping."

PUBLIC NECESSITY.

"What is the use of having two papers in a small town like this?"
"So one can refute everything the other says."

"BUT YOU love me," persisted the India Rubber Man.
"Yes," faltered the Circassian Girl.
"Then let us proclaim ourselves one."
"No, Horatio; it is better thus. There is no money in the Siamese any more."



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THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

LITTLE G. W. MOKELY.—Poppy, why did yo' call me George Washington?
MR. MOKELY.—Kase George Washington was de father ob dis country, chile.
LITTLE G. W.—And will I be de father of dis country some day, Poppy?
MR. MOKELY.—How does I know? Dey say History repeats itself.

A LA SHERLOCK HOLMES.



JONES AND I recently had occasion to take a drive of four or five miles in upper Connecticut. We were met at the station by Farmer Phelps, who soon had us snugly wrapped in robes and speeding over the frozen highway in a sleigh. It was bitter cold weather — the thermometer reading 3° above zero. We had come up from Philadelphia, and, to us, such extreme cold was a novelty, which is all we could say for it.

As we rode along, Jones fell to talking about Conan Doyle's detective stories, of which we were both great admirers, the more so, as Doyle has

declared Philadelphia to be the greatest American city. It turned out that Mr. Phelps was familiar with the "Meemoirs" of Sherlock Holmes, and he thought there was some "pretty slick reasonin'" in it. "My girl," said he, "got the book out er the library an' read it aout laoud to my woman an' me. But, of course, this Doyle had it all cut an' dried afore he writ it. He worked backwards an' kivered up his tracks, an' then started afresh, an' it seems more wonderful to the reader than it reely is."

"I don't know," said Jones; "I've done a little in the observation line since I began to read him, and it's astonishing how much a man can learn from inanimate objects, if he uses his eyes and his brain to good purpose. I rarely make a mistake."

Just then we drove past an out-building. The door of it was shut. In front of it, in a straight row and equi-distant from each other, lay seven cakes of ice, thawed out of a water pan.

"There," said Jones; "what do we gather from those seven cakes of ice, and that closed door?"

I gave it up.

Mr. Phelps said nothing.

Jones waited impressively a moment and then said, quite glibly: "The man who lives there keeps a flock of twelve hens, not Leghorns, but probably Plymouth Rocks or some Asiatic variety. He attends to them himself and has good success with them, although this is the seventh day of extremely cold weather."

I gazed at him in admiration. Mr. Phelps said nothing.

"How do you make it all out, Jones?" said I.

"Well, those cakes of ice were evidently formed in a hens' drinking pan. They are solid. The water froze a little all day long, and froze solid in the night. It was thawed out in the morning and left lying there, and the pan was re-filled. There are seven cakes of ice; therefore, there has been a week of very cold weather. They are side by side. From this we gather that it was a methodical man who attended to them; evidently no hireling, but the good man himself. Methodical in little things, methodical in greater ones, and method spells success with hens. The thickness of the ice also proves that comparatively little water was drunk, consequently he keeps a small flock. Twelve is the model number among advanced poultrymen, and he is evidently one. Then the clearness of the ice shows that the hens are not excitable Leghorns, but of a more sluggish kind, although whether Plymouth Rocks or Brahmans or Langshaus, I can't



—T. Oppen

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A VALUABLE ENDORSEMENT.

VISITOR.—I am the Populist Member of Congress from the 'Steenth Kansas district. In yesterday's paper you called me a demagogue.

EDITOR.—Well, sir?

VISITOR.—What would you charge me to mail five hundred marked copies of that paper to my constituents?

say. Leghorns are so wild that they are apt to stampede through the water and roil it. The closed door shows he has the good sense to keep them shut up in cold weather.

"To sum up, then, this wide-awake poultryman has had wonderful success in spite of a week of exceptionally cold weather from his flock of a dozen hens of some large breed. How's that Mr. Phelps? Is n't it almost equal to Doyle?"

"Yes; but not accordin' to Hoyle, ez ye might say," said he. "Your reasonin' is good, but it ain't quite borne aout by the fax. In the fust place, this is the fust reel cold day we've hed this Winter. Secon'y, they ain't no boss to the place, fur she's a woman. Thirdly, my haouse is the nex' one to this, an' my boy an' hers hez ben makin' those ice cakes fer fun, in some old cream pans. Don't take long to freeze solid in this weather. An', las'ly, it ain't a hen haouse, but an ice haouse."

The sun rode with unusual quietness through the heavens. We heard no song of bird. The winds were whist. All nature was silent.

So was Jones.

Charles Battell Loomis.



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AFTER THREE HOURS OF IT.

SHE (sweetly).—George, dear! I'm afraid I must make your legs tired. sitting here.

HE (bravely).—Sit still! My legs don't feel it. They're asleep.

A SUBSTITUTE.

MR. KIDDER (solemnly).—Now, Johnny, you are just starting in business life. Never forget the example of George Washington, who never told a lie.

JOHNNY (who works downtown).—That's all right; but I bet he had an office-boy on the outside desk.

HER PHOTOGRAPH.



THE WHILE she holds my heart in thrall
And keeps me at her beck and call,
To praise her charms above them all,
It is my duty.
But when I view this pasteboard face
Some unfamiliar charms I trace—
By Jove! I never knew that Grace
Was such a beauty.

A something I can not express
(Perhaps the soul alone can guess)
I find is added here, unless
I'm much mistaken.
Dan Cupid, though your eyes are slow
To see the things Love would not know,
Tell me how many years ago
She had this taken?

James Jay O'Connell.

A GROWING EVIL.

POWERS.—It is a great pity that the papers devote so much space to sensational news.

BOWERS.—Yes, indeed. It leaves a man very little time to read anything else.



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SOMETHING NEW.

ETHEL.—What are those men doing, Mama?

MOTHER.—They are deaf and dumb, and are talking with their fingers.

ETHEL.—Oh, let's go over and stand near them! I want to hear how it sounds.

PRIVILEGED.

EXCHANGE FIEND.—Darned ef I'd put up with that abuse old man Madder gin you about your stand on the town constable matter. Why don't you pitch inter him?

EDITOR (slowly).—My friend, editorially the *Jaytown Bugle* will ever continue unterrified and unbought; but if you think that we, either editorially or individually, intend to sass back the only subscriber that pays *in cash*, you're mistaken!

IT is believed that even the old woman who lived in a shoe insisted on having it several sizes too small.



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REASON FOR IT.

MRS. O'TOOLE.—Oi don't see how she kin hear, wid her hair combed over her ears that way.

MR. O'TOOLE.—She don't moind! Luk phut she's got to listen to.

ALL THE SAME, BUT DIFFERENT.

BAGGS (of Baggs, Taggs & Co., to TYPEWRITER).—Write to Simpson that we have heard of his partial destruction by fire, and that we are at his service for any assistance he may require. He's a good customer of ours.

TYPEWRITER.—Here is a telegram from him asking for an extension of time on a bill due to-day.

BAGGS.—Great Heavens! I'll send the sheriff at once.

SOME PEOPLE know a good thing when they see it, and others think it ought to take notice of them.



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NO OBSTACLE.

MISS HOCKHEIMER.—No, Mr. Pinkenberg; I am sorry, but I can not marry you; — I could never love a man mit red hair.

MR. PINKENBERG.—Dot vas notting; — my barber tells me dot at der rate my hair is falling ould, I will be completely baldt in von year!



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McGLONE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

McGLONE (on his first night as stage-hand at the opera, last performance of the Italian season).—Sure, 't is a picnic Oi hov,—nothin' around me but purty little light fairies an' illigant, slim gentlemen !

THE DEMON RUM.

BANKS.—Whiskey never handles two men alike; it makes a perfect fool of me.

TANKS.—How so?

BANKS.—Just as I get ready to have fun, I am attacked by an overpowering desire to go home and go to bed.

WHY HE THOUGHT SO.

HENDERSON.—Did Jones like that cigar you gave him?

WILLIAMSON.—I imagine not. He asked me where my wife bought it.



IN THE dim light she sits,
Fragile and fair.
Night after night she sits
Stroking his hair.
I, quite bereft of wits,
Watching her there
(Envy 's, the theft of wits)
From my far chair.
Scarcely a look I get,
And from my book I get
No sense, no solace.
There is no bolus
For my despair.

Stretched at full length he lies
Deep in a nap.
Model of strength, he lies
Head in her lap.
There it may ever be,
Fortunate chap !
And mine may never be.
Oh ! the sad hap
That put a heart in me
Only to smart in me
Like a great stupid
For one whom Cupid
Can not entrap.

Envy her colley ? I 'm
Free to confess
That is the folly I 'm
Guilty of, —yes.
But there 's a chance for me
Still of success.
She 'll have a glance for me ;
Time, more or less,
If Prince is at the Show
(Otherwise, drat the Show !)
To hear my tale o'er
And I 'll not fail or
I miss my guess.

E. W. Barnard.



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CANINE LACONICS.

"What are the dog days, Mama?" asked the inquisitive young retriever.

"My dear," said the fond mother, with a sigh, "you will know all too soon. Then it is that the weather is awfully hot, yet they put muzzles upon us till we almost suffocate, and lead a dog's life generally."

"That seems strange," mused the youngster; "I should think that these would be called dog days."

"Oh, no!" was the brisk reply; "now is the time that we have a show!" And even the hounds cast bays at her feet.

THE MAN OR THE DOG?

IN THE dim light she sits,
Fragile and fair.
Night after night she sits
Stroking his hair.
I, quite bereft of wits,
Watching her there
(Envy 's, the theft of wits)
From my far chair.
Scarcely a look I get,
And from my book I get
No sense, no solace.
There is no bolus
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She 'll have a glance for me ;
Time, more or less,
If Prince is at the Show
(Otherwise, drat the Show !)
To hear my tale o'er
And I 'll not fail or
I miss my guess.

USELESS OFFICIALS.

FIRST STOCKHOLDER.—What is this plan for increasing the dividends of the Benevolent and Patriotic Gas Company? Can we charge any more for the gas?

SECOND STOCKHOLDER.—No; the bills are about as high as they will go. But we can reduce expenses by discharging the men who look at the meters.

AN EXPLANATION.

PROUD FATHER.—That is a sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know.

FRIEND.—Ah! that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country.

MAN'S IMPRACTICABILITY.

HUSBAND.—I think you'd better save that money for a rainy day.

WIFE.—But on a rainy day I can't go shopping!



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FROM A PROFESSIONAL STANDPOINT.

FIRST LAWYER.—Seems to be an epidemic of embezzlement and that sort of thing.

SECOND LAWYER.—Yes; and there is one feature which is particularly unfortunate.

FIRST LAWYER.—What is that?

SECOND LAWYER.—Nearly all of them are pleading guilty.



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Editor H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A STATEMENT
OF ACCOUNT.

The Fifty-third Congress
In account with the United States,.....Dr.
To forcing the United States to pay three and
three-fourths per cent. interest on a loan of
\$65,000,000, when said loan could and should
have been placed at three per cent.....\$16,174,770

AT THE time this is written it seems probable that the above bill must stand as rendered. A few days still remain, however, of the ten that were given to Congress in which to come to its senses, and it is just possible that before this time expires it may stop talking and get to work. But this would be unlike the Fifty-third Congress, and it is, therefore, highly improbable. We have here a painfully practical demonstration of the evils of the silver mania, one that we can size up in dollars and cents. The credit of the nation has been so weakened by the silver fanatics in and out of Congress that investors demand the Government's word that its bonds shall be redeemed in gold. Failing to get this, they very wisely insist upon a higher rate of interest for the risk they take in buying bonds that might be redeemed in silver. Congress had either to make the promise or to pay the increased interest. It chose to do the latter. As between a right and sensible act and spending \$16,174,770 of the people's money, there was no hesitation. The Fifty-third Congress would have been idiotic if it had cost twice as much. Money was no object when its hard-earned reputation for imbecility was at stake.

A FOOLISH
LABOR BILL.

POOR, OLD Thomas Jefferson! If he still takes an interest in our welfare, his shade must have gnashed its ghostly teeth and torn its ghostly hair when a ghostly copy of a "labor" bill, now pending in Congress, reached

ON THE TRAIL.

FIRST DEPOSITOR.—We've got the President in jail all right; but there's no show of our recovering any of the funds, I suppose?

SECOND DEPOSITOR.—Oh, cheer up! We've attached the foreign mission fund, you know.

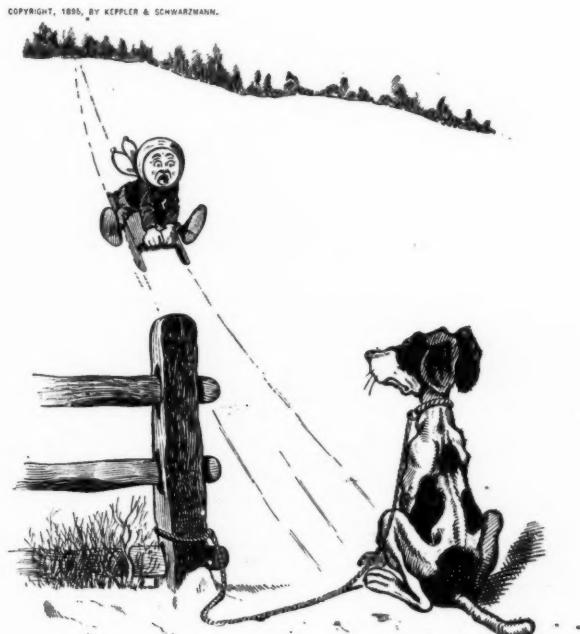
THE COMING WOMAN.

The coming woman, night and day,
We hear of high and low,
Till there's but one thing we can say—
We wish, she'd come and go!
Madeline S. Bridges.

EASY TO LEARN.

"I can not tell a lie, Father."
"Do you mean it, my boy?"
"On the dead!"
"Then take this Income-Tax blank and practice."

HE DID N'T.



BOY ON THE SLED.—Hi! Get out of there, you fool dog!
Do you want to get killed?



THE DOG (jumping away).—You bet I don't! Do you?

the Elysian fields. Thomas, you will remember, was especially severe upon foolish laws, and believed that "least governed is best governed." The bill referred to aims to regulate the relations between corporations and their employees with a view to preventing strikes. It would compel corporations to pay "just and reasonable" wages, and it would compel employees to accept such wages. This would be an excellent bill if our form of government were what is known as State Socialism. As it is not, and as, under our present system, a man has the right to dispose of his labor in the best or the poorest market, as he will, and full liberty to leave any employer when he chooses, the bill is blundering and altogether foolish. It ought to be plain, to use a late instance, that no law that man could frame would have been effectual to make the Brooklyn strikers return to their work. They alone had the right to decide what wages they would accept, and they had an undoubted right to quit work as a means of enforcing their demands. What is really needed is a more stringent law to protect the property of corporations and the men who would take the places of strikers. If our lawmakers can not compel the laboring man to keep the peace, to refrain from killing and burning, how can they expect to prevent him from doing things that he has a perfect right to do.

AN EXPLANATION
IN ORDER.

THE Hon. Thomas Collier Platt recently made in print an admission that must have startled his friends and foes alike. It was a plain, bald assertion to the effect that he is a Republican. "But, I am a Republican," were the exact words he flung at an unsuspecting community. It is not, of course, incredible that Mr. Platt should be a Republican. Worse men than he have been Republicans. But it is incredible that he should be anything at all. Republicans believe in certain economic principles. Mr. Platt, so far as he has heretofore committed himself, believes in OFFICES. It is true that he has devoted much of his time to the election machinery of the Republican party, but one would as soon have thought of inquiring his feeling toward the party itself as of asking what the head scrub-woman in the U. S. Treasury thinks of our currency laws. He has confined his activity exclusively to the political scullery, where he has done the dirty work of politics. A statistician in whom we have implicit confidence informs us that since Mr. Platt left the Senate to its fate in '81—and that was on account of OFFICES—he has given out interviews to the Press amounting to 1388 columns of solid reading matter; and that in no one of them does any sentence refer in the remotest way to any of the economic principles that form the creed of the Republican or any other party. He has never said a word about anything but Platt and OFFICES. We should dislike exceedingly to embarrass Mr. Platt, but, if it is entirely convenient, would he mind telling the public how long he has been a Republican, why he is a Republican, and if he can prove it?



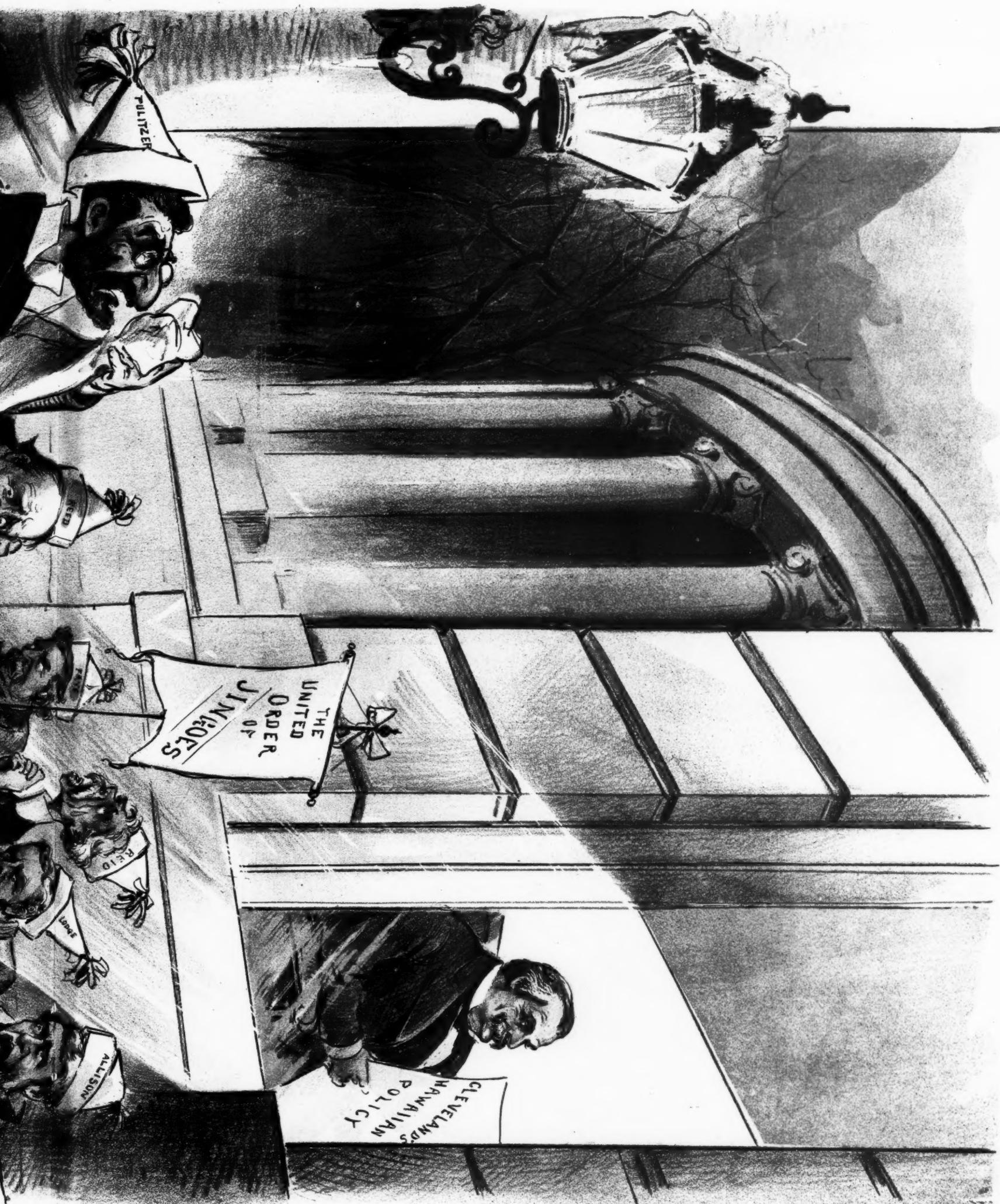
THE WAIL OF THE JINGOS.

Oh, woe ! woe ! woe ! alack and well-a-day !
In profoundest blues from the latest news
We weep the hours away.

Ah, well for Grover there and the hole he got in—*Not!*
For the "Policy of Infamy"
Has not yet gone to pot.

Alas ! for the Jingo wool we would fain pull o'er his eyes,
So he'd interfere; but he would not hear
Our "Annexation" cries.

So it's woe ! alack ! alas ! the laugh is with Grover C.
Through the last two years of our taunts and jeers
He was right about Hawaii.



THE NIGHT-HAWK.



HIS HAWK is no bird of plumage gay,
Through empty streets he wings his way;
He starts his flight in the heel of the day,
But he manages somehow to make it pay,
By the time the sky is getting gray,
At seven o'clock in the morning.



The traveling man is a source of gain,
When he strikes the town by the very last train,
With a sample case and umbrella and cane,
And a big gripsack in the pouring rain,
And looks for a street-car all in vain,
At what o'clock in the morning?

The newspaper man is his trusted friend,
On a regular job or a pay-day bend,
Keen joy to the heart of the hawk he 'll send,
And the paper's cash he will freely spend;
But to save his own on foot he 'll wend,
T'ward home in the early morning.

A paralyzed jag is his delight
To shove in his cab with main and might;
When the door and the passenger both are tight
He will drive him around till broad daylight,
But his jaglets pays by the hour all right,
Till late in the penitent morning.

At sunrise he doffs his blanket and coats,
And stops his steed and mentally votes
As to whether the wreck gets a ration of oats.
Or himself gets full as a pair of goats,
And stay that way till the copper ropes
Him in on the following morning.

John William Mitchell.

A STRONG INDUCEMENT.

DRINKWATER.—What a fool you are, Jagster, to waste so much money on whiskey! Supposing you only spend twenty-five cents a day, that would be ninety dollars at the end of the year.

JAGSTER.—Would it, though? I believe I 'll quit. Great Scott! what a high old time a fellow could have on ninety dollars!

THE DRY-GOODS man may be hard-fisted, but his cloak-model can tell you that he is always an appreciator of beautiful hands.

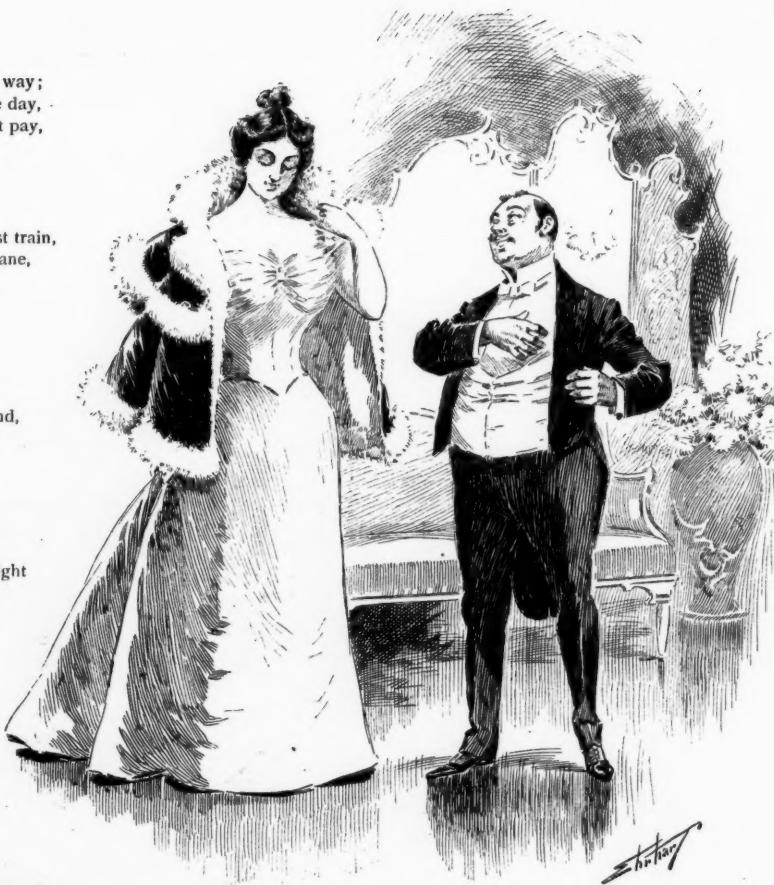


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A SAVING THING FOR G. W.

LITTLE IKEY.—Fader, vas it true dot Chorge Washington nefer toldt a lie?

MISFITSKI (*the clothier*).—My son, I perleef it vos so; but he would nefer hat suceeded in der glooding peeness!



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SHE SUITED HIM.

"Will you be mine?" he demanded.

"You ask much," she faltered.

"I know it; but—"

His countenance kindled with enthusiasm, as he spoke.

"I adore large people."

THE POSSESSIVE CASE.

ELDER BERRY.—Land's sake! Parson, what makes you look so mad?

PARSON PEASLY (*hotly*).—Matter enough, Deacon! I sent that story of mine about the owl and the old maid to a comic paper, and here they 've sent it back with an insulting letter, saying it 's not original.

ELDER BERRY (*indignantly*).—Why, the impudence of them fellers! An' I 've hearn you tell that story fer thirty year!

A PRIZE.

"Marriage is a lottery."

"What did you draw?"

"Alimony."



SANCHO PANZA.

Master, they are still laughing at our battles with the windmills.

DON QUIXOTE.—And yet, Sancho, they will have to do something about the United States Senate.

CITY EDITOR.—Your copy is so illegible, Mr. Wright, that you must improve it if we are to retain your services.

WRIGHT.—But, sir, Greeley d—

CITY EDITOR.—Yes, yes, I know; but you 're young; don't grasper after all the honors at once.

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REGRETS.

She sees the Spring coming with many a sigh,
She 's had her new cape but a little while;
In a few short weeks she must lay it by—
Next Winter it 's sure to be out of style!

PABST
"Best" MALT EXTRACT
Tonic

THE VERDICT
OF PUBLIC
OPINION IS
INCONTROVERTIBLE

2 TRAINS 75 CAR LOADS
OF PABST
MILWAUKEE BEER
ARE SHIPPED DAILY

PABST



31 CAR LOADS
OF CORKS ARE
REQUIRED ANNUALLY
IN BOTTLING
PABST BEER

5 PRETTY BOOKS
SENT FREE —
MENTION THIS PUBLICATION
ADDRESS SIMPLY
"PABST MILWAUKEE"

SUPREME
AWARD
WORLD'S FAIR

THE CELEBRATED

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Pianos are the Best.

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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

Irritations

of the

SKIN and SCALP

Odors from Perspiration

Speedy Relief by Using

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Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila

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"DE MAN that's constantly slingin' mud at his neighbors," said Uncle Eben, "doan' nebbah put no ashes on his slippery sidewalk." — Washington Star.

HIGHEST AWARD
WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

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SUBRUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.

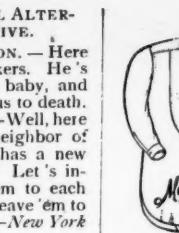
The Brunswick

A CRUEL ALTER-NATIVE.

DOWNTON.—Here comes Binkers. He's got a new baby, and he'll talk us to death.

UPTON.—Well, here comes a neighbor of mine who has a new setter dog. Let's introduce them to each other, and leave 'em to their fate.—New York Weekly.

A CHICAGO woman is visiting in town who has never been divorced. — Atchison Globe.



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WOMEN'S TALK.

MRS. HASKER.— Been out shopping to-day, Mrs. Blyker?

MRS. BLYKER.— No; been out buying —South Boston News.

MAX O'RELL says the Australians eat seven times a day. Australia must be a poor place for tramps. It is as much as he can do in this country to get one meal a day. If he had to beg for seven, he would die of exhaustion. — Norristown Herald.

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No Sediment.



USED TO IT.

TOM.—Did n't the encore unnerve Miss Twitter?

JESS.—Not a bit; she is used to having the neighbors pound on the floor when she sings.

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MAIL POUCH
NICOTINE NEUTRALIZED

THE PUREST THE BEST

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A GENTLE HINT.

"John!" said the shy woman, who usually thinks more than she says.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her husband.

"I wish you'd bring home fewer betting tickets from the race-track, and a few more matinée tickets." — Washington Star.

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JIMMY.—What makes the 21st of December the shortest day in the year?

FATHER.—Er—well, the Christmas shopping probably.—Inter Ocean.

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"How do you know?"

"He was heard to remark that the institutions of this country might be worse." — *Washington Star*.



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difficult breathing, and inflammation of the lungs speedily relieved by **Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster**, when all others fail.



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CONFIRMATION.

I somehow wisht I heddent come
Tew visit cousin Kitty,
My head hes bin in sech a hum
Sence I struck New York City.

Of Cyrus Field I uster read,
An' how he laid the Cable;
I did n't give it any heed,
But thought it just a fable.

I did n't think it true, one bit;
But here is New York City,
An' in a cable car I sit,
Tew visit cousin Kitty!

R. L. M.

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Received the following awards at the **COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION**.

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S. Rae

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And a Delicous Remedy for
Indigestion and Sea Sickness.

Send 5c. for sample package.

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Originators of

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WRINKLES REMOVED BY LATEST
scientific methods; regular
physicians. 20 years' experience. JOHN
H. WOODBURY, 197 W. 49th St., N. Y., Inventor of
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Will CURE It.

Also Gravel, Calculus, "Lazy Liver, etc.
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and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.

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is a constructive food that promotes the making of healthy tissue and bone. It is a wonderful remedy for Emaciation, General Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Anæmia, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases of Children. Send for Pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. Free. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

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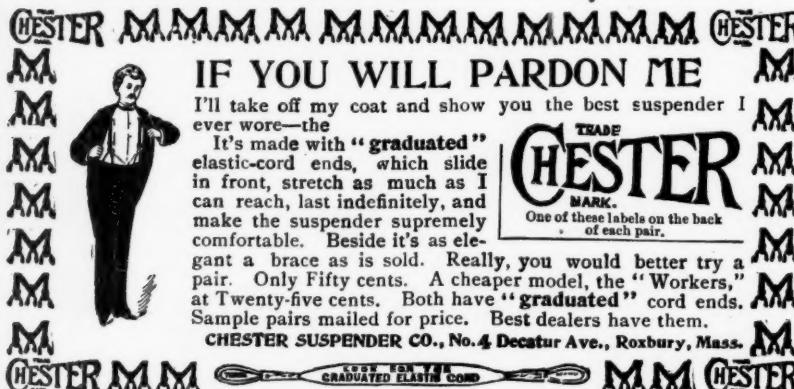


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SCIENTIFIC SUSPENDER CO. (Lim.), BUFFALO, N. Y.



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"Treats her baby as if there were only one in the world, eh?"
"Yes; as if he were a skye terrier or a poodle dog."—*Inter Ocean.*

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The unparalleled success of the "La Flor De Vallens" Clear Havana Cigar, manufactured by Messrs. Eugene Vallens & Co., of Chicago, is proof that an article of sterling merit will speedily push its way to the front, no matter how many now good its competitors.

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The novel arrangement of enclosing each cigar in

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MRS. LAKESIDE.—Dear, dear, no; we almost always have three and four kinds in one day.

—*Inter Ocean.*

THE older a man is when he gets married, the sooner he commences taking his lunch at noon downtown.—*Atchison Globe.*

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can not be accidentally discharged. Can not be fired unless you mean it. Then it is quick, accurate, dependable. In materials, workmanship and construction it is the finest small arm possible to produce.

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A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

DISCIPLE.—What is your belief, O Plato! as to the origin of ideas?

PLATO.—It beats me! Now, I had an idea that I left both my sandals right beside the bed when I retired last night, but it took me fifteen minutes to hunt them up this morning. Blest if I know where we get our ideas.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou" —Bromo-Seltzer.

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WINKS.—A fifty-dollar bill.

KINKS.—From your wife?

WINKS.—No; from my wife's miliner! —*Norristown Herald.*

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a glass tube is one of its most taking features. This alone makes it the cigar of cigars for our seaboard cities and our Summer resorts, and we venture the prediction that when next Summer's holiday season sets in, the shores of the Atlantic will be lined from Bar Harbor to Cape May with empty "Flor De Vallens" cigar boxes.

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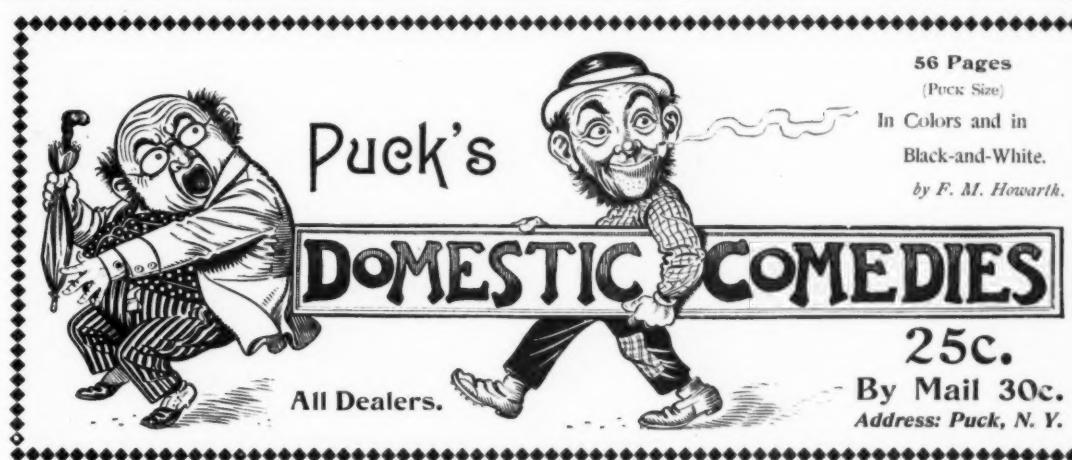
COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

A SELF-ENFORCING LAW.

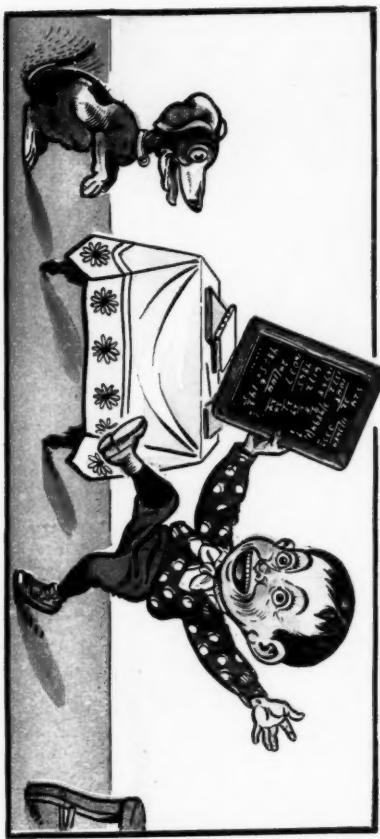
BESSIE NORRIS.—Oh, dear! I wish I could ride a bicycle!
GRACE INNIT.—Well, there's no law to prevent your doing so.
BESSIE.—Only the law of gravitation.

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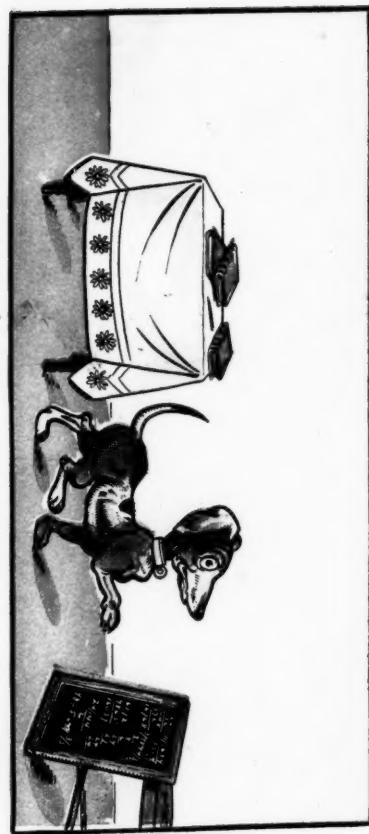


Ye blythesome ladde leaped hye in gley,
He hadde rose wythe y^e sunne,

And in good tyme eer schule, hadde he
Hys taske of summes alle done,

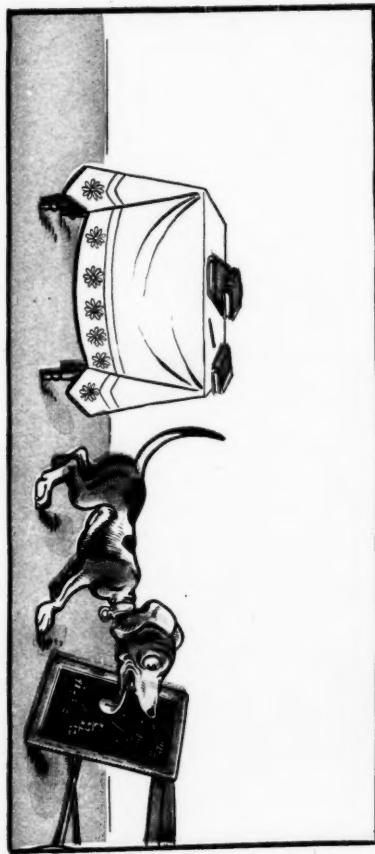
Hys lyttle dogge jumped, too, in joye
To see hys master soe;

Butte, O ! y^e wicked-harted boye
Didde kick hym to hys woe.



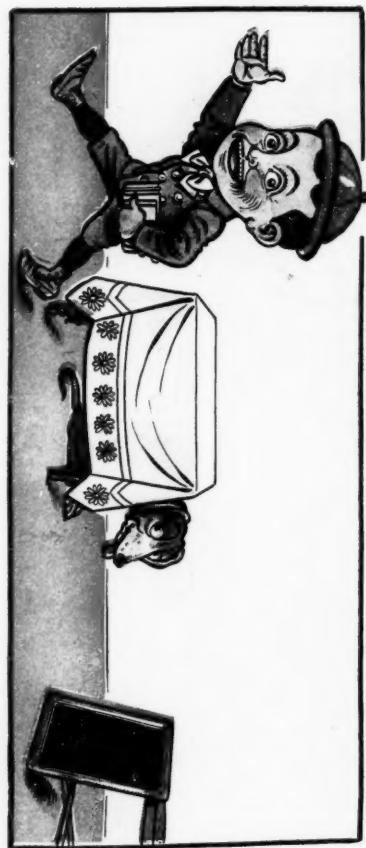
And while y^e lither ladde shall staye
Tocombe hys notte-brownie haire,

Y^e lyttle dogge thynks of a wye
He coulde revenge hym there,



Then up unto y^e slayte he commes,
Y^e lyttle dogge and yonge,

Righe hartlee he wipes those summes
Alle offe then wythe iys tonge.



1 Backe there then commes y^e lither ladde
To seize hym of hys bookees,

Butte syndyng that no slayte he hadde
He turns hym round and lookes—



And fromme hys lipps a loude wail commes;
Y^e dogge leaps in his joye,

For welle he knows w. oure y^e summes,
What will befallte yt boye.

YE BEASTE'S REVENGE.